

Lonely

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Summary: Hiccup just wants to be one of the other Vikings. He's an embarrassment to his dad, and he knows it. He just wants to be one of them. One-shot.

Lonely

\*\*DISCLAIMER: I do NOT own HTTYD, at all. I do own part of the DVD set, but that's it. This is another little fic I'm doing, and it's before the movie, so the poor boy's still a bit of a social outcast. I hope you like it!

><strong>

Hiccup knew that he wasn't one of them.

It was obvious. In an example of a perfect Viking, there was his dad on the correct side, and him on the other. From a physical standpoint, he was smaller, weaker, and generally more clumsy than everyone, and I mean EVERYONE else.

The perfect Viking was the chief of his village, the mightiest Viking of all who was rumored to have twisted a dragon's head off of his body when he was just a baby. This person, this beast of a man, was, of course, his dad.

He had the perfect genes, the PERFECT genes. Stoick the Vast was the best Viking Berk could ever want, and so was Hiccup's mom, Valhallarama. They were the perfect couple and they were supposed to have the perfect kid. Likely story.

He was the smallest child growing up. Compared to the other Viking kids, he was the size of a mug. He was the kid no one wanted to talk to or play with. After his mother died, Stoick tried to protect the boy by keeping him inside all the time, but the teen highly doubted the truth in that. True, he was accident prone, but, secretly, he thought that his dad kept him inside to hide the boy out of

embarrassment.

Stoick was a proud man, and having a son like him was a disappointment. Hiccup knew that he was a disappointment to his father.

He tried to be a Viking, he really did, but when you can barely heave an axe or use a spear, being a Viking is kind of hard. Hiccup lacked a certain amount of muscles, so that automatically landed him in fixing things that other Vikings used. It got to be a bit boring sometimes, of course.

When Hiccup looked out at the other teens during dragon raids, fighting right alongside the other adults, doing Viking jobs, he just wished that he could be with them. To have fun by talking with them, and even punching the senses out of each other sounded fun compared to his loneliness. He got very lonely.

He wanted to go to Mead Hall and hang out and even get drunk with them if they could get away with it.

He wanted to be in dragon training when the other teens did, and he wanted to take down a dragon. If he took down a dragon, he could barely imagine the amount of fame he could get. A dragon's head mounted on the wall where his father would see it and pat it proudly, thinking of his son who took it down.

Hiccup handled weapons all the time, but that didn't mean he could use them. How he wanted to hold a weapon and use it, and get perhaps a little smile from his dad. All he wanted to do was make him proud. He didn't want to ruin his dad's life anymore than he already had.

He just wanted to be a Viking, was that so hard?

He just wanted to be like the rest of them.

End  
file.